

THE BIG BLUE UNION.

BY G. D. SWEARINGEN.

"Westward the Star of Empire takes its Way."

VOLUME I, NUMBER XX XIV

MARYSVILLE, KANSAS, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER, 15, 1862.

THE BIG BLUE UNION,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

G. D. SWEARINGEN, Proprietor.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy one year, cash in advance,\$1.00
One copy, payable during the year,\$1.50
Ten Copies, one year,10.00
An extra copy to the getter up of a club of Ten.

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THE PICAROON,

OR

The Pirate at Sea.

In the year 1855 a British Ship, the Lively Peggy, of Bristol, was on a homeward voyage from the West Indies, and would shortly reach the port of her destination unless some unlooked for accident should occur to prevent her. There was a stiff breeze, and the noble craft went buoyantly bounding along in the Dark Billows. Captain Transom—a square-built navigator, with bushy whiskers, and a frank manly face, in which a quick temper and a thoroughly good-natured disposition at times fought for the mastery; the sudden glow in the keen grey eye being contradicted by the smile on a firm, yet handsome mouth—was walking to and fro on his quarter-deck, while a broad-chested hirsute seaman was at the wheel, and occasionally exchanging remarks with the junior mate, a remarkably fine young fellow of about two and twenty, previous to the changing of the watch, and his going below to snatch a few hours sleep, after the first anxieties attending on the commencing the voyage were over.

"Mr. Freeman!" said the captain.

"Ay, ay, sir!" replied the young mate.

"If the wind shifts a little southward, sir, you'll close haul her a couple of points; the peggy goes well under a good luff. And, d'ye hear?"

"Yes, sir."

"Fort top-gallant-sails if it freshens," continued Captain Transom, casting a seaman's glance to windward, "and give a drag to the fore-an'-main weather-braces. As old Jack Martingill takes his drick at the wheel, you'll do very well."

"Are we likely to speak anything, sir, do you think?" asked Freeman.

"I expect, sir, that cursed picaroon will try to overhaul us again, but he won't find we carry quakers this time." And he smiled grimly as he cast his eyes over the cartoonades which formed the armament of the merchantman. "He gave some trouble to us this last time did this hempen Don Pasco with his accursed crew."

"We must not hug the shore too closely. 'Not for your life, and the value of ship and cargo, keep a broad offing, sir. If we are to meet, better in the heart of a gale with plenty of sea-room to handle the craft than near either key, or coast where they steal out like 'farnal serpents on you.'—And with a few farther words, and a brief order cheerily delivered to the men, Captain Transom descended the poop-ladder, entered his cabin to take a short rest and turn in.

A bright clear afternoon, with the evening about to close in the suddenness and glorious effulgence of tropic night, the ship continuing on her course like a thing of life and motion, rising and dipping her taper masts, and describing strange curves and arcs against the sky as the breeze rang through cord and canvass.

"Hurrah, lads! how she pays! We shall soon see 'Pill,' if the wind blows and the craft goesounding along likethis exclaimed one of the crew forward hitching his slacks and giving his quid a turn. 'What do you say to this, be?'"

Say! retorted an old Salt, with a sarcastic tone. "Why, I say this is in a nice sort of sea for a breeze to hold out and never rear a point, while you makes a stretch from Montego Bay in the Bristol Channel. All you've got to do in this here precious calm Atlantic, in course is to let fall, sheet home belay all, jam the helm amidship, and never start back or sheet till you close up and furl away of a tug, as takes you in tow just as if you was salvage or a prize. My eye, I wish it was so," he added. "But you'll have to look out for squalls I can tell you."

"Well never mind my hearty," returned the

younger sailor, not discomfited by the laugh of derision raised against him. "She is a pulling foot now and no mistake and that's enough for me."

"This breeze will freshen up before seven bells," continued Martingill, lifting his keen eyes windward; and I shouldn't be surprised if we were sailing under bare poles before to-morrow noon. Better that than anchored in a calm, and broiling like a rasher in the sun."

The group in which the veteran seaman was chief spokesman, consisted of some eight or ten stalwart men gathered round the windlass, or seated on the bitts at the heel of the bowsprit, and partly concealed from their superiors aft, by the courses.

They were evidently enjoying the present moment of relaxation; and tobacco juice and blue curling smoke, went to leeward from quid and Cuban leaf, used with true gusto.

"I say Jack, bo," began a broad-shouldered tar, taking the blackened stump of a favorite pipe out of his mouth,—"spin that yarn about the Spanish Don and the Pretty Creole, as Master Paul yonder aft saved from the picaroons. I've heard it, but Jiggers and Reefpoint, ain't."

"Nor I—nor I!" said three or four others. "Come, lads, side out there, and old Jack shall have my can to wet his whistle as he pays it out."

"Why, 'taint so much to palaver about surely," said Jack pushing back his broad-brimmed panama hat, and thrusting his hands into his crisp grizzled locks, but still with a flattered air, like one to whom only an appropriate tribute has been paid and who receives only his due without assumptions beyond.

"Well, well," assented Martingill having resource to a fresh quid; since you must have it here goes. You see it consarns Master Paul aft yonder smoking his cigar and having eye to see that everything draws. A fine lad he was and a fine man he's made. I larnt him to hand reef and stow, how to knot and splice, how to hand in and furl, and fil out as neat a bunt as—But well well! this is on the wrong tack.

"It was last voyage, afore we had shipped some of you lads here, as some of our lads had been hove down with the yalla fever, and as the Lively peggy was lying in Kingston Bay, and stowing away rum and sugar, for Bristol as there used to be a good deal of going to from the Governors house whose plantations, you know lay a couple or three leagues up the country.—Well, Captain Transom had been hove down, too, and was there being doctored and nursed; and prettier nurse than Miss Lotty Buldock (her father you see, is a brother to our firm) you never could have met with. She had large black eyes, teeth like ivory, olive cheeks, with the tint of a ruddy peach on them, and was as lovely a creature as ever set on fire the heart of a lively lad of 19, which our Paul was; and so Paul, d'ye see who used to go daily on shore, and dine at the planter's house, ell slap over head and ears in love with her.

Now, I had charge of the ship, and scarcely ever left her. There lay alongside of us, a low long midge of a 'Mudian schooner, with such a brace of tall raking spars stuck in her as I've scarcely ever seen afore or since, and with everything furl'd slow and aloft in such a taut ship-shape manner, as showed she was handled by a spark who thoroughly knew his work.

Well, this craft was just the thing to catch a sailor's eye—buoyant and shaped to a miracle, lying low in the water, with deck all flush fore and aft, the seems paid in till they look inlaid with bony, and such a beam as could only carry on under the sare of canvass she could spread from clue to cleaving. She was a beauty, and no mistake lying within a few cables length of

us. I had an opportunity of examining her well.

The crew puzzled me lads, for I was always on the lookout, and never saw more than two or three shallow-looking chaps with long black hair lounging about the deck at any time. She was curiously moored, too, as if ready for a start at any moment—ready to slip away with any tide; and I confess my 'spicions were aroused, and so I kept a sharp lookout, you may guess."

"Aye, aye, let you alone for that," remarked a tar commendably.

"Well d'ye see," continued the narrator, "once or twice a boat passed us from the jetty, pulled by four bull-necked unhand-some fellows, and one who looked like a dandified skipper in the starn-sheets. He was an uncommon handsome fellow I must say—younge with a peaked beard and moustaches, and long black hair, and eyes keen enough, but somehow not pleasant to look at. He was togged out too in tip-top style—gold-laced cap and braided jacket, and altogether quite a don—a dandy d'ye see; but the fellow had a thorough sailor's look about him—"

"Well?" was the impatient interjection.

"Carry on."

"Well, one day I happened to go up to the plantation, 'stead of Master Paul there, and who should I see in slap-up-long-shore toggs—quite the Spanish style—but this here skipper, walking in the garden with the pretty Miss Loty, under the verandah, and whispering some soft nonsense in her ears—making love to ner thinks I myself in a moment."

"How did you hit upon that old chap?" asked one of his mates with a peculiar grin.

"Why, you see, brothers," replied Martingill, "when a chap bends his head to a pretty girl's ear, and peeps into her face, and has his arm around her waist, and she looks away, and plays with her opron and tee-bees, and giggles, and the like; I take it he is making love to her. What the thunder are you looking at to the loo'ard yonder?" he added abruptly, seeing one of the men casting a long anxious seaman's gaze in that direction.

"I thought I saw a sail, but its gone," was the answer.

Gone with the gull's wing that brought it I expect."

"I ain't so sure of that," returned the other gravely, "but you go ahead with your yarn, we shall see and know quite soon enough."

"Well, I makes it out in course," and Martingill resumed his story, "that this don, who, d'ye mind me, was something on sea what he was not on land—was cutting Paul Freeman out, and says I to myself, Blessed if he shall! So I sees Paul an hour afterwards, and tells him all I had seen and all I thought."

"That he may be cutting me out with Miss Lottie, old Jack," says he, "may be very true, and very easy, as I don't think snc cares much about me," says Paul; "but you must be mistaken as to his being consarned with the sea, or with the 'Mudian schooner lying within the offing. He's a planter from Antigua, and his passage across is all he knows of the sea." That's what Paul said; and I laughed, for I tho't I knew better, and as things afterwards turned out, hang me if it warn't just as I mapped it out."

The rest of Martingill's story, not to make it prolix, must be taken in a condensed form.

It seems that Don Pasco had for some time been a visitor at the Buldock plantation, where the host hospitably received him, as he did all comers, and where Cap. Transom and Paul often met him—a polished, plausible man of the world, a planter who was in Jamaica on business, and struck with the charms of the young girl, Lotty Buldock, thought she might be no

bad match.

(CONTINUED.)

THE OUTCAST.

Within the old church yard she found
A shelter from the storm;
Her tattered drapery floated round
Her pale and wasted form.

She stood within the temple gate,
Before the house of prayer;
But not to seek however late,
For peace and pardon there.

She bent beneath the wrath of Him
Whom winds and storms obey;
Her hands were clasped, her eyes were dim
And yet she dared not pray.

The heart perhaps at first may shrink,
When urged by passion's flame,
It trembles on the very brink
Of infamy and shame.

But, oh! when once the boundary's past,
It knows no backward course,
Until it learns to feel at last,
Perhaps too late, remorse.

Of in the cheerless night
Her memory would recall,
Her childish moments of delight,
Her early love and fall.

She thought of those who still were dear,
The friends of happier days,
Who shared her childish joy and fear
And joined her infant plays.

Her sisters they have ceased to grieve
For her despair and shame;
Around the social hearth at eve
They never breathe her name.

There was not one to dry her tears
To raise her drooping brow;
Not one of all—the loved of years—
To feel her anguish now.

Yet no! one heart she new was there
That still in silence prayed,
And mourned in secret grief for her,
The outcast the betrayed.

Her father's curse on her fall,
Her sisters may forget;
But there is one who pardons all—
Her mother loves her yet.

And she had made those gentle eyes
With tears of anguish dim;
Her happy home, her early ties,
Were all renounced for him.

Upon one shrine she offered all—
Her filial love, her fame;
The gem she never could recall,
Her pure unspotted name.

And for his sake, and to his love,
Her earthly peace was given;
For him she risked her hopes above,
And braved the wrath of Heaven.

'Tis ever thus—the victims pay
The penance of their fall;
While those who tempted them astray,
Are praised and sought by all.

Oh, why should man be thus exempt,
(Since both are prone to err)
From all the censures and contempt
So freely poured on her?

Some people never show the least sign
Of spirit, till they give up the ghost.

Sweetening one's coffee is generally the
first stirring event of the day.

We had better be out of the world, than
have everybody wishing us out of it.

Bullets and bombs can sing and whistle
but as musicians, are not very pleasant to the timid.

This is a very fast generation, but our
ancestors certainly got ahead of us in the world.

A beauty is apt to find fault with her
lips teeth, or eyes, but upbraids her hair

They say women caused man to com-
mit his first sin; guess its the case, and
his unpardonable sin to, for he marries her.

A poor fellow who pawned his watch,
says he raised money with the lever.

Two lines look elegant at the bottom of
a column.